

... Out in

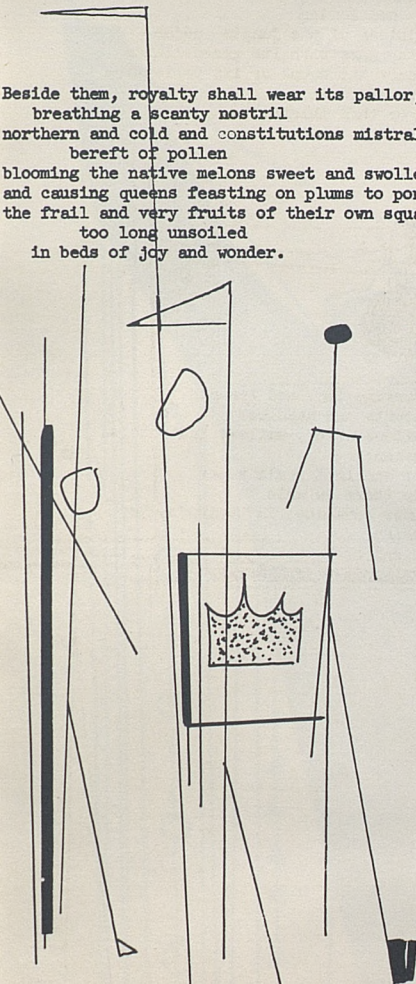
If royalty persists in paying visits,  
the regal entourages  
through heat and sandy Sudanese mirages,  
the Queen had better  
look with a deeper gaze at all that glitter  
rather than blot the sun with her umbrellas,  
abandoning quaint caution and court physics  
to view the ribs  
of actual gorillas.

Casting aside those silks, that worm's protection,  
one feels the weight of Asia  
or Africa upon him, some vast pleasure  
steamy and sodden  
and like the juices of the jungle sudden-  
ly rising in the ears with its green liquor  
singing the heart the drunk of its perfection  
higher than deep  
and slenderer than thicker.

Seeing the women working loom and treadle,  
the Queen dismounts and handles  
bolts which the maidens offer, smiles, and fondles  
an adolescent  
girl with a gift of sunlight reminiscent  
of every other body there as able  
and lavish, all those lovelies, in their dawdle,  
lolling in skins  
magnificent and sable.



# The Dependencies...



Beside them, royalty shall wear its pallor,  
breathing a scanty nostril  
northern and cold and constitutions mistral,  
bereft of pollen  
blooming the native melons sweet and swollen  
and causing queens feasting on plums to ponder  
the frail and very fruits of their own squalor  
too long unsoiled  
in beds of joy and wonder.

Even touching the fabrics of those weavers  
or, on the tongue, taking  
words in Swahili out of thirst and slaking  
the conflagrations  
far in the throat's back-country, past the stations  
ruled by the codicils of governmental  
regulation: even these meek retrievers  
remind the veins,  
rescue the fundamental

statute that wills the blood the highest sovereign,  
and any clever other  
mere masquerader mannequined in weather  
feigning the Asian  
or African, but milky as Caucasian.  
Only a touring by the blood suffices,  
under the single sun familiar-foreign,  
and artifice  
left to its own devices.

HERBERT MORRIS